Mrs. Randolph Morse,
(S)5-32

CALIFORNIA GARDEN

IN THIS NUMBER

NATIVE OR NATURALIZED?
By Ruth R. Nelson

ORNAMENTAL FLOWERING FRUIT TREES
By K. O. Sessions

STRAY THOUGHTS
By Peter D. Barnhart

FEBRUARY, 1932 TEN CENTS

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NATIVE OR NATURALIZED

By Ruth R. Nelson

Among the best-known flowering plants in the California "Wild Gardens" of today, there are several "introduced natives" which long since became so widespread that a botanical list of California's wildflowers would be incomplete without them.

The tree-like Mission Mallow (Lavatera assurgentiflora) is one of these. Brought to the mainland by the Mission fathers, from the Santa Barbara islands where it is indigenous, this hardy tree-shrub was an early favorite among the plantings about the old missions. From thence it soon "ran wild," and now covers many northern headlands overlooking the sea, while numerous isolated clumps throughout the entire coastal region suggest the possible location of many old Indian rancherias long since abandoned, or perhaps the spot which some early settler first called "home."

The Mission Mallow is easily cultivated, and when closely planted quickly forms an interesting hedge or windbreak which can withstand long periods of drought. From seed the mallow will grow to a height of six feet, and flower within the first year. The blossoms are a brilliant rose-purple, with dark veinings, and hide themselves amongst beautiful evergreen leaves of maple-like form. The leaves and twigs of this bushy tree abound in a mucilage which was used by the padres for poultices. This substance is also a most nutritious and fattening food for both sheep and cattle. Knowing the thrifty ways of the padres we can readily believe this to have been an additional reason for the Tree Mallow's wide adoption into the old Mission Gardens.

Still another "introduced native" is "bueno moza," the slender-branching silvery-leafed tree tobacco which has spread since the time of its introduction, less than fifty years ago, into every roadside ditch, vacant lot, or other waste place. Although the tree tobacco (Nicotiana glauca) has its habitat in South America, yet we must admit that it has become very "settled" in Southern California, where its graceful flower-laden branches add immeasurable charm to the outline of many highways. However let us feel content to view the "bueno moza" while we pass quickly along; crushed or broken, the stems give off such a disagreeable odor that this plant is "self-protected" from all wildflower vandals. Yet its dainty yellow trumpet flowers are honey-laden, and prove a welcome feasting ground for bees and humming birds, while orange-breasted orioles seem to recognize in this especial tree a perfect refuge for their brilliant flittings.

Introduced into Californian herb gardens from Europe we have still another plant which long ago escaped and became so common that it is an unwelcome nuisance in the coastal sections, although it is still an important medicinal herb, and in the early days was in constant use by the Spanish Californians as a tonic and a remedy for colds and lung troubles. This is horsehound, (Marrubium vulgare), a low growing perennial with many wooly square white stems bearing opposite wrinkled leaves which are matted with wooly hairs on the under side. Its small white flowers, which appear in whorls at the axils of the upper leaves, give place to burr-like seeds which are one of our most disagreeable "harvest stickers." According to Carroll DeWilton Scott the horehound in California is merely another of the troublesome army of European weeds which started their invasion at Presidio Hill in 1769, and have now almost succeeded in the slaying of "the belle of the pioneer days and the pride of California, Miss Wildflower, who used to wear scarfs of cream-cups, and sashes of poppy flame—walk in lakes of azure lupins and drink the purple wine of escobitas. A million torches lit up her way in spring and summer over the hills and valleys of San Diego and the coast north to San Francisco with colors

like reflected sunsets on the bay." Not only horehound, but filaree, burr-clover, radish, mustard, anise, and wildoats were among the early weed pests which began the destruction of the wildflowers which has increased rapidly since the introduction of the pernicious brome grasses now covering effectually "the grave of the fairest maiden of the old west."

Please note that "mustard" is also one of the flourishing foreigners mentioned by Mr. Scott in his list of introduced plants. One of the very first green things to spring up when the rainy season begins, wild mustard (Brassica nigra) has now spread into so many places and frequently covers such large areas that it is difficult to picture a Southern California winter landscape without this tall luxuriant plant.

Writers of the early days declare that the padres carried mustard seeds inside their wide Franciscan sleeves, sowing these seeds along their way as they walked the many miles separating the missions. It was a clever and easy manner of marking these important trails. While the beauty of the vast thickets of wild mustard which soon resulted, brought this plant into the literature of California at an early date. The padres no doubt chose to plant seeds of the "mostaza negra" in their gardens at the Missions because they already knew the toothsomeness of its new leaves in an olla, and the tiny seeds furnished them with useful plasters and other household remedies. Nowadays tons of mustard seed are exported from California every year and furnish a very superior oil which is one of the strongest antiseptics known, and in constant use by druggists and surgeons.

Early settlers tell us that the wild mustard formerly covered thousands of acres with thickets so tall and dense it was necessary to warn children against losing themselves by wandering into their borders. The tall plants long ago became one of the favorite haunts of the red-winged blackbird, who flits about among the slender stems with his scarlet wings in beautiful contrast to the pale yellow cloud of the mustard blossoms. One vast field of mustard is said to have formerly surrounded the now famous U. S. C. grounds. About the time of the visit of Helen Hunt Jackson to Los Angeles, "in the early 80's before the boom had changed everything in Los Angeles, and while the city still had about it such an intimacy that street numbers were superfluous, there stood four miles west of the heart of the town, the single frame building of the courageous University of Southern California, a lonely looking object amid acres of yellow mustard flowers."

It is, however, upon the famous pages of Mrs. Jackson's own immortal "Ramona" that this vivacious author paints her charming picture of the tangled mustard's beauty, choosing this inimitable setting which links the old days with the new, while she tells of that never-to-be-forgotten meeting between Father Salvierderra and the lovely Ramona.

The Franciscan father had grown feeble during the year since he had last visited the rancho of Senora Moreno, where the annual sheep-shearing now awaiting his long delayed arrival. As he journeyed slowly along, Father Salvierderra paused many times to gaze at the beautiful picture of the wildflowers and grasses covering the countless curves, hollows and crests of the coast hills of Southern California. "Flowers were always dear to the Franciscans. Saint Francis himself permitted all decorations which could be made with flowers. He classed them with his brothers and sisters, the sun, moon, and stars—all members of the sacred choir praising God.

"When he was within two miles of the house, the father struck off from the highway into a narrow path that he recollected led by a short cut through the hills, and saved nearly a third of the distance. It was more than a year since he had trod this path, and he found it growing fainter and fainter, and more and more overgrown with the wild mustard. . . . .

"As he proceeded he found the mustard thicker and thicker. The wild mustard in Southern California is like that spoken of in the New Testament, in the branches of which the birds of the air may rest. Coming up out of the earth, so slender a stem that dozens can find starting-point in an inch, it darts up, a slender straight shoot, five, ten, twenty feet, with hundreds of fine feathery branches locking and interlocking with all the other hundreds around it, till it is an inextricable network like lace. Then it bursts into yellow bloom still finer, more feathery and lacelike. The stems are so infinitesmally small, and of so dark a green, that at a short distance they do not show, and the cloud of the blossoms seems floating in the air; at times it looks like golden dust. With a clear blue sky behind it, as it is often seen, it looks like a golden snowstorm. The plant is a tyrant and a nuisance—the terror of the farmer; it takes possession of a whole field in a season; once in, never out; for one plant this year, a million the next; but it is impossible to wish that the land were freed of it. Its gold is as distinct a value to the eye as the nugget gold is in the pocket.

"Father Salvierderra soon found himself

in a veritable thicket of these delicate branches, high above his head, and so interlaced that he could make headway only by slowly and patiently disentangling them, as one would disentangle a skein of silk. It was a fantastic sort of dilemma, and not unpleasing. Except that the Father was in haste to reach his journey's end, he would have enjoyed threading his way through the golden meshes. Suddenly he heard faint notes of singing. He paused,—listened. It was the voice of a woman . . . slowly drawing nearer, apparently from the direction in which he was going . . . peering ahead through the mustard blossoms, he saw them waving and bending, and heard sounds as if they were being broken. Evidently some one entering on the path from the opposite end had been caught in the fragrant thicket as he was. The notes grew clearer, though still low and sweet as the twilight notes of the thrush; the mustard branches waved more and more violently; light steps were now to be heard. Father Salvierderra stood still as one in a dream, his eyes straining forward into the golden mist of the blossoms. In a moment more came, distinct and clear to his ear,

" 'Praise be to Thee, O Lord, for all thy creatures, and especially for our brother the Sun,—who illumines the day, and by his beauty and splendor shadows forth unto us thine.'

"Ramona! exclaimed the Father . . . . and as he spoke, her face came into sight, set in a swaying frame of the blossoms, as she parted them lightly to right and left with her hands, and half crept, half danced through the loop-hole openings thus made. Father Salvierderra was past eighty, but his blood was not too old to move quicker at the sight of this picture . . . Ramona's beauty was of the sort to be best enhanced by the waving gold which now framed her face . . . At the same instant that Father Salvierderra first caught sight of her face, Ramona also saw him, and crying out joyfully, "Ah, Father, I knew you would come by this path, and something told me that you were near!" she sprang forward, and sank on her knees before him, bowing her head for his blessing. In silence he laid his hands on her brow . . . . She had looked to the devout old monk, as she sprang through the cloud of golden flowers, the sun falling on her bared head, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining, more like an apparition of an angel or saint, than like the flesh-and-blood maiden whom he had carried in his arms when she was a babe."

What one of the many thousands who have read Mrs. Jackson's glowing word picture, published first in 1884, can ever fail to look for golden mustard fields amongst our Southern Californian hills? A nuisance, yes. For when it is finally cleared from one field, Brassica nigra moves along into another. Yet at the present time a new use is being made of this naturalized "wild" plant. In hillside citrus orchards, during recent years, the mustard has proven to be a money-saving cover crop which serves the farmer well during the rainy season, and can be "turned under" easily when the proper time arrives.

EARLY FLOWERING BULBS

The earliest blooming bulbs in January that are hardy and need not be transplanted each year are the pretty snowflakes, leucojum vernum, so choice as a cut flower. The Narcissus Soleil d'Or, a brilliant dark yellow, like the single Chinese lily but not so fragrant. The Narcissus, paper white, every garden needs a few and the single and double Chinese Lily will grow in any stray corner and make a show for the garden in January though their fragrance is too heavy for the house.

The charming and always enjoyable freesias, in variety of colors, will be conspicuous in February and March, followed by the large variety of Daffodils in March and April.

—K. O. Sessions.

HEDGES

Some day we shall get away from the idea that there are no other shrubs quite as desirable as Privet and Monterey Cypress for Hedges. To my way of thinking there are other plants which will answer the same purpose, and present a finer appearance every day of the year than the ubiquitous Privet. There are four species of Jasmines, which, if given the same attention as Privets are superior, and that for two reasons. First, they are strictly evergreen, and in due course of time become so dense that a bird finds it difficult to find its way into them. Second, they will stand shearing to perfection. They are: J. gracilimum; J. officinale; J. grandiflorum; and J. Beesianum, the latter a red flowering species. The books tell us that they are all fragrant. I have found that the first and third are the only ones that show this character. Grandiflorum is the most deliciously scented flower of all the flowers I know anything about. The thought must be kept in mind that when used for hedges, and sheared back frequently they will not bloom profusely. Privets will not bloom at all if kept sheared as they should be to make a fine hedge.

—P. D. B.

Patronize the Garden Advertisers.

ORNAMENTAL FLOWERING FRUIT TREES

By K. O. Sessions

Mr. Frank Strausser, on Sunset Blvd., has a large specimen of the Evergreen Pear that blooms profusely, very early in season but I have never been fortunate to see it in bloom. The foliage is very glossy and attractive and the short flowering branches end in a decided spike like that of the hawthorns. It does not bear fruit. Less than two years ago I planted two of these Evergreen Pears in my home garden, now one is over seven feet tall and the side branches I shortened last summer so the plant has a symmetrical and erect growth, tied to a stake to maintain an upright central stem. The last week in January it is full of fine and full bunches of small white flowers, typically pear blossoms, and is the most attractive plant in the garden and certainly will be worthy of general cultivation for its early blossoming season. An older plant may have graceful sprays or branches full of flowers which would be very decorative and useful as cut flowers.

The brilliant Prunus campanulata, a native of Formosa and seen abundantly in the gardens of Southern Japan, was brought as seeds from there by Mr. E. H. Wilson and distributed from the Arnold Arboretum. Mr. W. D. Coolidge of Pasadena grew it to a flowering size in his rare plant garden nursery and proclaimed its beauty and use for a sidewalk tree. My plant is now this last week in January in bloom, every branch and twig full of the brilliant rose colored pendant bell-like flowers, about three-quarters of an inch in length. Their shape gives it the specific name of Campanulata. The foliage comes after the bloom has passed and is like the cultivated fruit cherry only half the size. The fruit is very small and black and all pit or seed.

A third and very promising early ornamental is the double flowering light pink, purple-leafed plum. My three bushes are densely full of big buds at this time and I have already picked a few sprays in full bloom. Another ten days will surely see it a beautiful display. It is a most promising plant for cutting and the Cherry also will likewise be useful.

The light pink flowering peaches will soon be showing their beauty and this wet winter will surely develop flowers in great abundance. The red peach comes a week or two later than the pink variety and the double white still later. This one bears the largest and finest blooms of them all but the white though very beautiful is not so attractive.

Prunus Psardi, commonly known as the purple-leafed plum, comes still later. Its flowers are small, single and of a delicate pink shade and may be in fair development by February 22nd, though always good early in March.

These flowering fruit trees if planted somewhat in the background of our gardens or on the outer edges of the orchards are worthy of a very generous planting for the glory of their flowers is conspicuous at a good distance, and their rather ordinary foliage during the year is not so prominent. The pruning of this class of trees should be done when in bloom for cut flowers and if not so used then as soon as the blossoms have faded prune them, for their new growth through the summer produces the fine flower sprays for the winter blossoms. I believe they bloom earlier here than in Central California.

GARRYA—THE SILK TASSEL TREE

Not long ago, Miss Van Gorder invited me to take a ride to Pine Hills in the back country with her in her car. We had a glorious afternoon and found what we went to see, even more, on our week end Saturday afternoon, Miss Van Gorder released from her typewriter, and I from my office table of passepartouting panels for the museum walls.

The main object was to see real snow in Pine Valley. More than that we saw plants that are growing cheerfully even where there is frozen ground. There was little snow, but one handful was enough to prove it real.

When we passed Willows where there are summer rains I spied what appeared to be a tangle of young oaks, and there were oaks among them. But when we reached Wildwood Glen, Miss Griscom told us that one of them was not an oak, it had not the shape exactly. I had thought at a glance it was a young "gold cup" all covered with white down or gold on the under surface, but a bright glossy leathery green above. When we came home I determined, by placing the cutting in water overnight, that its bloom that came out of the downy white bud was that of the female Garrya, the silk tassel tree, the species I shall determine later.

Another species I am perfectly familiar with is a strictly sand genus of the Pacific coast, very attractive as a chaparral shrub. Once at Clover Flats I think that I described Garrya flavescens Wats. sometimes called pallida Eastw. whose leaves are of a golden green on the upper side (leaves opposite, leathery, downy underneath) a desirable winter blooming shrub.

—Fidelia Woodcock.

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IN A NEIGHBORHOOD GARDEN

Many are the unusual and unexpected things growing in this neighborhood garden all unknown to the majority of the dwellers about. "Him that hath eyes to see, let him see."

First among these various growths may be mentioned the macadamia ternifolia or the Australia nut tree, which at present is only "a tree in the making". Set in the midst of a crowding mass of hibiscus, it is rather inconspicuous but will hold one's interest when once it has gained attention.

Its shiny, dark-green sessile leaves, long and narrow and edged with tiny teeth are arranged in whorls of three or four, which are so closely set as to almost hide the twigs and branches.

What is, perhaps, the most interesting thing about this specimen can, as yet, be seen only in the imagination; that is the crop of nuts which follows its dainty white flowers. These nuts, about the size of English walnuts, have an extremely hard, brown shell enclosing a firm, white, oily kernel. They may be eaten raw or roasted and are about 66% fat. The Macadamia has been successfully cultivated in Southern California and even now there are several of them in bearing within the limits of the city of San Diego.

Nearby are several plants of Eugenia uniflora, or Surinam cherry, a handsome shrub sometimes attaining a height of ten feet, and bearing thick, glossy, subcordate leaves and small, white flowers, solitary in the axils of the leaves.

These plants, during the past autumn, bore numerous bright-red edible fruits, each marked with eight longitudinal furrows. The juicy, slightly acid pulp, in which is embedded a large round seed, is used in jelly making, or it may be eaten raw.

A close relative of the above, the Eugenia Jambos, commonly called the rose apple, also may be found here. It bears a beautiful fruit, much larger than the Surinam cherry, a creamy-white, tinged with rose-pink upon one side and having a rose-like odor. It, too, is much valued for jelly making.

Near the center of the garden may be seen a small cork oak tree, which bears the euphonious cognomen of Quercus suber.

Its leaves resemble those of some other species of oaks, but its bark resembles nothing on earth but itself. 'Tis hard to believe that that thick, rough, tough-looking, seamed and scarred, spongy bark really grew on that little wisp of a tree. It looks like a plain case of skin grafting, or better, perhaps, of bark grafting.

A near neighbor of this oak is the curious hakea tree, unique and interesting. Its leaves look much like the phylloidea of the Acacia melanoxylon but the beauty of the tree lies chiefly in its silver and tan buds, and in its flowers, which, sessile upon the branches, seem like rich crimson pompons, stuck full of golden pins.

A discovery indeed is the lehinese litchi growing in the border. 'Twere well not to expect too much of it in its present state. It's young yet, timid and shrinking apparently suffering from nostalgia and in need of cuddling, but given time, one may yet look upon it as a thick-foliaged tree, bearing an abundant supply of dark red nuts. The litchi, like the Macadamia is successfully cultivated in Southern California.

Near the southern end of the garden stands a Tristania conferta or Brisbane box, a tree with a strong individuality that compels respect and admiration. Strictly tailored, always well-groomed, a little somber on account of the very dark green of its foliage it stands apart and erect, seeming a symbol of justifiable pride in one's self.

And last, but not least in this lovely garden, which by the way is none other than Old Town Plaza, we come to the Palo Verde, the well-beloved of the dwellers of the country-sides and of the deserty borderlands. Costumed in a green ensemble, green trunk, green limbs, green foliage, its tiny leaves set regularly along both sides of the long, broad rachis offer little in the way of shade or concealment. In fact its garb is so diaphanous that the graceful outlines of trunk and of limbs is plainly discernible. Who can doubt that it is the originator of the present style of feminine attire?

Indigenous to the southwest it follows the stretches of the arid lands, southward from the Mojave desert across California and Arizona, and even into Mexico. As Saunders says, "It follows one like the Providence of God."

—C. M. Williams.

BLACK LOCUST HAS MANY USES

Black locust is a 4-purpose tree, says the United States Forest Service. It quickly produces good timber for posts and other uses; it roots strongly, thereby checking soil erosion; its flowers enable bees to make a good quality of honey; and it is a legume. The nodules on its roots store nitrogen in the soil, enriching it for future crops. In addition, it is a tree of beauty and is valuable for shade.

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MINIATURE GARDENS FOR FLOWER SHOWS

Eastern visitors who have repeatedly viewed the fine displays of the Boston Horticultural Show, and the great New York Flower Show, declare that in every instance one of their most popular exhibits has been the annual classes of "Miniature Gardens." Around these carefully arranged exhibits there is always a throng of attentive visiotrs. The delightful little gardens follow every conceivable plan. They are prepared upon a given basis of size, usually 18x24 inches, which necessitates a most thoughtful selection for the miniature plantings and tiny garden accessories. Small shore gardens, charming wild gardens, even Spanish gardens, are displayed there in a charming miniature which Californians might well introduce into their own flower show classes, as the space for "miniatures" seems never to fail as one of the most popular features of a flower show.

Ruth R. Nelson.

HUGH EVAN'S RARE PLANTS

At the January 19th meeting Mr. Hugh Evans exhibited the following flowering branches from his rare collection:

The Protea obtusifolia was a great prize to see—for this genera is among the finest of the world's wonders and is so very conspicuous at the Cape of Good Hope and is almost impossible to grow elsewhere.

Luculia, from Western China, very fragrant and a winter and spring bloomer, needs half shade and moisture.

Holmskoldtia sanguinea, a good, bright flowering shrub and interesting.

Chamaelaucium ciliatum, resembling somewhat the leptospermum, but a profuse bloomer, white to pink in long graceful and light sprays and such a good keeper as a cut flower that it may become a good commercial flower for shipping to our big back country to the east. It is an Australian plant.

The late E. H. Wilson less than two years ago said there were over 2,000 good plants there that we should be growing here. This is probably one of them.

Banksia quercifolia, (the oak leaf) very peculiar flower, more interesting than beautiful. The Banksias have decorative foliage, green above and white beneath.

Eucalyptus erethocorpus with very peculiar bright scarlet buds, very conspicuous and developing pale lemon yellow flowers of good size.

Eucalyptus caesia, a pretty light pink blossom.

Eucalyptus pyriformis, one blossom shown very large and rosy red, stamens abundant and long and yellow tipped, very attractive and grows in clusters.

Oxera pulchella, a vine with whitish flowers in abundance, very showy and from New Caledonia.

Barosma pulchella, from South Africa, very strong scented foliage and allied to Diosma, flowers purple and grows one to two feet tall (Pulchella signifies pretty), a winter bloomer.

—K. O. Sessions.

The Olympic Landscape Beautification for Long Beach, recently sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce of this city has more than been accepted by property owners and others, by the various letters and willing workers coming to the fore to make this city one of beauty. The plans and other details worked out by a special committee headed by Don P. Condit as chairman and Harry L. Bateson as supervisor, follow:

Listing all vacant lots and unsightly plots, and with the owners permission planting them to either flowers, shrubs, seeds or vegetables.

Seeds and labor donated by the county of Los Angeles, thus giving employment to many idle men.

Water donated by the city for irrigation purposes.

A speakers' bureau organized, with men and women well versed in this line of endeavor taking part.

Lecturers of note from various towns and cities in Southern California. Record crowds have been in attendance at these lectures wrich have been and are being put on every few weeks.

Garden clubs being formed all over the city. Organizations and individuals are vieing with each other in making the Olympic Beautification for Long Beach a decided success.

The Zinnia has been chosen the official flower for the city of Long Beach. One week during the month of March is to be set aside for the planting of these flowers.

In the January issue of California Garden, Miss Sessions asks the question, "Can anyone locate these South African shrubs growingg here, or in any part of Southern California. Toxicodendron capensis. Bailey names this species of the tribe Euphorbiaceae. Hyaenanche capensis. Time was when fine specimens were growing on the Hollenbeck Home grounds in L. A. Right now there is a small one on Las Palmas Avenue, Hollywood. In the Hugh Evans Botanic Garden a large specimen of Sparmania Africana glorifies the garden during the first part of the winter. A small specimen may be seen at Coolidge Rare Plant Gardens, Pasadena. Years ago I grew Sutherlandi frutescens on the Danziger Estate, Beverley Hills.

It, like Sesbania punicea is an exasperating subject to work with. Both of them flower profusely for two seasons, then seem to call it a day and quit, die. Both of the leguminosae tribe, I have ceased to bother with them though two specimens of the Sesbania are now in the Wernigk Garden. Of Greyia Sutherlandi a fine specimen may be seen in each of the Vavra and the Evans gardens. It too, is temperamental, and behaves to suit its own moods. I have quit it, too. Time is too valuable to waste on all these temperamental subjects after one has learned to know them. Plants, like people, have queer streaks in their make up. Some you love, and while one does not hate them, others seem to hold you off and say, "You are nice, but excuse us from your company." I take the hint and leave them alone.

—P. D. B.

FEBRUARY WEATHER IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY

By Dean Blake, Weather Bureau

Though several Februarys have passed with little or no precipitation in San Diego County, the heart of our rainy season occurs about that time, and periods of stormy weather may be looked for at any time. Storms usually move fast, and are productive of squally, showery weather rather than protracted long, light rains. Frequently the rains are accompanied by strong south winds which veer to the west and northwest before clearing. The average over a long period of years is greater than that for any other month, 1.92 inches, and days with a measureable amount of precipitation averages 7 year in and year out.

Cool and frosty mornings are of common occurrence, but there is little chance of a severe freeze striking the citrus districts, owing to the increasing length of the days. Ordinarily sunshine is plentiful and the humidity is moderately low. Rapid clearing prevents long spells of muggy, overcast weather, although dense fog at night is more prevalent than in any other month save October.

THE OUTDOOR LIVING ROOM

By L. W. Ramsey and C. H. Lawrence

(The Macmillan Co., 1932; $2.50).

This small but well printed book, attractively bound in blue and gold, features an aspect of garden planning which is meeting with steadily increasing consideration. Here in California where a garden may be lived in and enjoyed through the entire year, stress upon the social uses which can be made of it is wholly natural. Anyone wishing to provide for such uses as efficiently and artistically as possible in the arrangement of his premises will find this volume exceedingly useful. We are pleased to note the emphasis placed by the authors upon the use of various fruit trees for shade and decoration as well as the production of eatables. The illustrations are not only abundant but so happily selected and executed that much could be made of them for the intended purpose without a word of context.

—S. S. B.

Patronize the Garden Advertisers.

STRAY THOUGHTS

They will be "stray" enough this time, and astonishing to readers of this Journal.

Gardening is a fascinating game to play. Incidentally, it may be said that it is a healthful game, a game that will put sparkle in the eye; strength in the arm, fire in the imagination, hope in the heart of the man or the woman who will play it with zest. True, it has its disappointments, the same as any other game of Life. Its failures are many, even so, they are stimulants to study, and to greater endeavor. They broaden the mind, and enlarge the outlook on life. True it is also; no other game yields so much happiness, or peace to distraught nerves, and troubled minds; a soothing balm for sorrowing hearts. Readers of these lines, if skeptical, try it for a year, an entire twelve months, and learn for yourselves the truth of the foregoing statements. And now let us get to the thought I had in mind when the article was begun; the behavior of plants in the Botanic Garden of Mrs. Wernigk, located near Santa Monica. Experiment Station would be a proper name for the Garden. Trees and plants from every clime and country on the face of the earth may be found in that Garden. There it is that Native and Exotic subjects are given opportunity to show character, and their adaptability to the soil and climate of this part of this coast. The Garden was founded six or seven years ago. Plants have been received during the years from the Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D. C., from a garden in North Dakota, from Florida, from other gardens of this Southland. Even Honolulu has contributed its share, and I am happy to say that some of them show a willingness to add value to the Garden, for the student of plant life. It is now known beyond a shadow of doubt, learned in the school of experience, and experiment, that few of the natives of the Atlantic coast fit into the scheme of gardening in this part of this coast. I shall name a few: Blood Root, Bluebells, Mertensia Virginica; Dog Tooth Violets, Erythronium Americanum, not a violet at all, one of the Lily tribe; Cypripidiums, known as Lady Slippers. Poor things, I've tried them all, and all seemed to say: "Dear Gardener, your intentions are good, we appreciate your enthusiasm, and your desire to have us in company with so many other beautiful flowers; but you ask an impossible thing of us: to adapt ourselves to your warm, dry, frostless climate. From North Dakota I got a small plant of Caragana Boisii, a yellow flowering leguminous shrub, very pretty in the cold northwest, where the temperature goes down to 40 below zero. The unhappy plant shows distress, and likely to die this season. Erlangea cordifolia, one of the Compositae, a native of tropical Africa perished from the cold weather. Anyway it is no more beautiful than the Joe Pye Weed —Eupatorium purpureum, of the Atlantic coast. An attempt will be made this year to get a plant of Eupatorium pazcuarens, a native of Mexico for trial. Three years ago a seedling, Erythrina caffra, about the size of a lead pencil was planted. It is now about five feet high, and as many feet broad. At the same time a plant of the same kind, and of the same size was planted in another garden. It is now 20 feet high, yet neither one of them show any disposition to bloom. After four years of patient experiments with this class of tree, known as Coral Trees, there is but one sure method of having flowering specimens; grow them from ripe wood cuttings, and now is the time to begin. E. speciosa, the most gorgeously beautiful of the tribe, is the most difficult to propagate. To do its best, it, like Crista-Galli should be cut back annually to within two eyes of the old wood. A specimen of Ehretia eliptica, said to be a native of Texas, and Mexico grows vigorously, the foliage rough as sand paper, has had one small cluster of small white flowers. The only reason why it is tolerated in the Garden is to warn other enthusiasts to omit it from their planting list, even though it be a gift from a friend. The cold weather defoliated it this season. Myrica rubra is another disappointment. I had read of its brilliant fruits, and drew on my imagination of its beauty when loaded with a crop. It is an evergreen, luxuriant, and never a blossom to date. It must be a Dioecious subject. Reader, don't get this species of the tribe Myricaceae confused with that of Wax Myrtle, Myrica cerifera of the east, nor with Marica of the Iris tribe.

And now for a time we shall skip over the disappointments of the Garden, and think and talk of those things which are a joy, a delight every day of the year. Not that all of them bloom all the time. Oh no, few plants do that. One of them is a species of Fern, known as Cibotium Schiedii. Planted on the top of a pile of rocks, and beneath the sheltering care of a clump of giant Bamboo, and evergreen shrubs, it is making an astonishing growth of fronds. The books tell us that in its native habitat, Mexico, it makes a trunk ten to fifteen feet high. It shows no such disposition in this country. One specimen now 25 years old in a lathhouse of Exotic Nurseries, Santa Barbara, has fronds six feet long, yet the plant may be described as: Cespotose. That is why the specimen in the

Botanic Garden under discussion was planted on a rock pile, that the fronds will not trail on the ground. Ilex cornuta, five plants, three of them sterile, the two fertile ones are loaded with berries, on one, the fruit is bright crimson, on the other and the more prolific, the fruit is bright scarlet, both plants exposed to sun. The lesson learned in this case is that the plant must be grown in the shade, since the sunlight bleaches the berries. The barren plants sucker freely, the suckers to be used as stocks on which to graft the fruitful subjects. Of Dombeyas there are three species, one of which has been in flower all winter long, a veritable bouquet from base to summit, of shell pink flowers, borne in terminal clusters on the branches. The species I do not know. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. A plant of Manetti bicolor is a gem. Always in bloom, the red flowers with a golden colored tip, gladdens the heart of any gardener whose privilege it is to look upon it. We have not come to thoroughly know its temperament, but when we do, it will be the glory of all out gardens. No use to try Manetti coccinea. It is too tender. I know from an experience with it in another garden years ago. Another vine in the Garden which gives unbounded satisfaction, is Thunbergia. It is evergreen, the flowers golden yellow, a native of tropical East Africa. Even during the cold of the winter it gave us a few flowers. During the warm weather it is covered with a tapestry of gold. Thunbergia grandiflora has suffered this season even though protected by a Jacaranda tree, where it was planted that the color of the flowers would harmonize with the flowers of its host. An experiment is being made with Bilbergias, species and hybrids obtained from W. A. Manda, of East Orange, N. J. B. nutans has been known to our gardens for years. The beauty of its three petaled flowers is enhanced by the pretty pink bracts on the scape. With eager, anxious expectations we are awaiting the development of the newcomers.

And now comes the most amazing part of this narrative. Everybody knows how cold it has been. Even as late as the 4th of February, ice covered the bird baths, and the water in the pools of the road in the Garden. And yet, I repeat, and yet, through it all came three scapes of the terrestial Orchid, Cymbidium oligantha set full of buds, unscathed. It is the third year of their blooming, but never before have the nights been so frosty. Even more marvelous is the fact that the inflorescence is farther advanced this year than in previous years. It is growing in full sun, hard by another orchid known as Epidendrum O'Brinianum, a perpetual bloomer, though not so spectacular as the Cymbidium. To make mention of all the subjects in that garden would consume more space than California Garden can spare.

—Peter D. Barnhart.

THE COMPLETE ROSE GARDEN

By John A. Armstrong

Out of the great number of Rose varieties listed in the catalogs, it is often difficult for the uninitiated to select the comparatively few bushes that he may have space for. They all sound pretty good, and indeed all of them do have their good points or they would not be propagated. Very few of us, however, wish to propagate two hundred or even one hundred kinds in our garden.

This Is Not So Easy

If I were restricted to five Rose varieties in each color range, here are the ones that I would pick out. They are all kinds which have been grown for several years, and we have had a chance to discover all their faults and their good points. The newest ones I have purposely excluded. For the average Rose garden, they are kinds that will provide the utmost in good buds for cutting—and that is what most of us wish to get.

An All-Star Cast of Thirty-Three

Red—
- Etoile de Hollande
- Hoosier Beauty
- Lord Charlemont
- Hadley
- E. G. Hill

Yellow—
- Golden Emblem
- Rev. F. Page Roberts
- Joanna Hill
- Mrs. E. P. Thom
- Lady Margaret Stewart

Apricot and Orange—
- Lulu
- Feu Joseph Looymans
- Angele Pernet
- Mrs. G. A. Van Rossem
- Duchess of Atholl

Light Pink—
- Los Angeles
- Mrs. Lovell Swisher
- Edith Nellie Perkins
- Mme. Butterfly
- Irish Charm

Deep Pink—
- Rose Marie
- Imperial Potentate
- Dame Edith Helen
- Charles P. Kilham
- Mrs. Henry Bowles

White—
- Caledonia
- Clarice Goodacre
- Modesty
- K. A. Victoria
- Frau Karl Druschki

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Multi-Colored

President Herbert Hoover
Talisman
Li Bures

Roses in Their Original Form

The single five-petalled Roses have been attaining greater popularity with each succeeding season, and since they are in a class by themselves, I am listing the best of them here.

Isobel—Deep Pink.
Irish Fireflame—Flame.
Vesuvius—Red.
Mermaid—Cream.
Cecil—Yellow.
Dainty Bess—Light Pink.
President Jac Smits—Crimson.
K. of K.—Scarlet.

They Are Always Improving

Half the fascination of Rose growing would be lost if one did not experiment with some of the new kinds. There is a thrill in watching a new Rose variety unfold its petals which is comparable to the thrill in trying out a new radio, a new car, or a new electric refrigerator, even though your old one may be giving you pretty good service. Here is my selection of the ten best new Roses to add to the above standard kinds. Some of them will undoubtedly take their place in the standard list when they have thoroughly proved their worth.

Olympiad—Scarlet.
Mari Dot—Orange.
Mrs. Samuel McGredy—Copper-orange.
Portadown Ivory—White.
Sally Tite—Crimson-cerise.
Ladylove—Apricot-pink.
Golden Dawn—Yellow.
Impress—Salmon.
Portadown—Scarlet-cerise.
Lucie Marie—Coppery yellow.

Try This Next Spring

Undoubtedly red is the favorite color in Roses with most people, and certainly every Rose garden should contain the best red kinds. Particularly is this desirable where many of the flowers are cut for indoor decoration, for while most pink and yellow Roses lose much of their brilliancy under artificial light at night, red Roses have their color highly intensified, and a bowl of bright red Roses placed near a lamp is a beautiful thing to see. Particularly fine for such use are the semi-single Roses K. of K. and President Jac Smits.

NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS

One of the events of the Islands' floral calendar is more an experience than a spectacle; the blossoming of the night blooming cereus. Almost everyone living in a northern country has been invited at some time to a private conservatory to witness the opening of a single blossom of this strange plant. The sudden unclosing of one of these fragrant cups of loveliness is considered worth the trip. Multiply this by ten thousand, and you have a faint conception of what the cereus hedge at Punahou is.

About seventy-five years ago, the missionaries . . . planted cereus by the ten-foot stone wall which extends along three sides of the college campus, a distance equivalent to six city blocks. Now the wall is completely covered with a tangled growth of the gray-green spiney cactus, looking like interlaced serpents. For half of the year it is ugly and uninviting. The snakey plants lie torpid and stupid, gorging themselves with sunlight, feeding on volcanic ashes of the soil, until along each of the sections of the cactus little green nubbins appear . . . the buds of the flowers. They grow and swell and become fat with dews and rains and sunshine, until they stand up like candles in a candelabrum, nine or ten to a branch.

On a certain day, word is spread throughout the town that the hedge will blossom that night. It is announced in the papers, heralded from office to office, and from home to home. The visitors come from every part of the city. Before the hour set for the spectacle, perhaps a thousand persons have assembled. Some of them are native Hawaiians, some, travelers just arrived; others are old time residents who never tire of the sight.

Soon after sunset, there is a faint movement up and down the hedge, as though some secret signal had been given. Thousands of buds shudder open, revealing white chalices as large as one's two cupped hands. Frail, white, silken petals, with an inner fringe of trembling stamens which are like thin gold wires, and from the center of the cup a white stem thrusts, supporting a frayed star.

The hedge is so thick with blossoms that one cannot thrust an arm through to touch the wall without bruising delicate petals. Under the full moon, with the silvery light pouring into the cups and filling them, they seem to glow with an inner fire. So white and pure are they, that they suggest the Holy Grail. Throughout the night they offer their delicate perfumes, and the rare, unearthly beauty of their blossoming, until the first rays of the sun strike them. Then, after this flawless night of beauty, they become wilted and bedraggled. A few scattered blossoms may appear on the following nights, but the great blooming occurs only twice a year.—Don Blanding, in "Hula Moons."

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The Garden

By Walter Birch

The Rose planting season is here again, and owing to the cold weather many have delayed their planting, but as dormant stock is sure to start growing quickly at the first warm change in temperature, do not delay your rose planting any longer, as it is much safer and better to plant in February (the earlier the better) than later in the Spring.

The following are a few brief directions for planting, more particularly for the many who make little or no preparation for rose planting, until they come, roses in hand, to put them in the ground.

Dig holes at least 18 inches deep, and plenty wide enough to receive roots without cramping, in other words place the roots, as nearly as you can judge, in the same position as they were before they were dug, working the soil around roots a little at a time, and pressing firmly with the foot, but taking care not to damage the roots. If ground is very wet or soil clayey, do not press too hard, but firmly enough to avoid air pockets. Plant about one inch deeper than they were planted before. Leave a shallow depression around each bush and fill with water as soon as planted, and fill again after water has seeped away. Remember that roses do best in full sun, and require plenty of water and cultivation during the growing season. Three feet apart is a good distance to plant. By using a good surface mulch during the summer months you can conserve moisture and do with less cultivation. When you water, use sufficient to soak to a depth of two feet, always keeping a good growing moisture around your bushes during the growing season.

Use well rotted barnyard or cow manure, well mixed with the soil when planting or if this is not available, a shovel full of Groz-It, a finely pulverized sheep manure, well mixed with the soil to each hole. For a permanent mulch on the surface round bushes, Horticultural Peat Mull about 2 inches thick or Groz-It sheep fertilizer do very well.

Pruning is very important, so when planting be sure to cut off any bruised or broken roots and branches that may be damaged. Cut away entirely all weak growth and branches. Then prune back the remaining strong, healthy branches about one-third or even one-half their original length, except in the case of climbers, which should only be lightly pruned. Always prune just above a good strong eye pointing outward from the centre, this will help to build an open, well rounded bush.

San Diego has a large stock of rose bushes of many different grades this season, but for best results it pays to plant number one grade bushes, budded on Ragged Robin roots. They cost a little more, but you can save a year in time and work and with decent care you are sure of good results.

I will mention a few of the worth while new ones that can be bought at very reasonable prices. Edith Nellie Perkins, salmon pink with orange centre; Mrs. Sam McGredy, copper orange, flushed Lincoln red on outside of petals; President Herbert Hoover, a beautiful combination of pink, yellow and copper; and Talisman, glorious buds of yellow, pink, scarlet, apricot and old rose.

The stock of Olympiad seems to be pretty well exhausted, we ordered twice and are sold out.

Don't forget to try a few tree roses, good ones can be bought at about half the usual price this year.

If you are not overstocked with Gladioli, put in a few bulbs of these beautiful flowers every month for the next three months, for a succession of flowers. There are many of the new and valuable ones offered now for a fraction of their real value.

Tuberous Begonia bulbs are also ready, and should go in as soon as it warms up. Remember they need some shade, shallow planting, and lots of leaf mould in the soil.

There are a host of seeds and bedding plants that can now go in, Snapdragons, Stocks, Calendula, Nemesia, Candytuft, Pansies, Salvias, Violets and Violas and many others. The ground is now well stored with moisture, be sure to conserve it by deep cultivation. All we want now is some warmth in the ground and air and you can "listen" to the growth of things in the garden!

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THE DOOMED YOSEMITE SUGAR PINES

The important problem of saving what is left of the famous Sugar Pine Forests of the Yosemite still unsolved. The best known part of the region, familiar to hundreds of thousands of tourists, still in control of the lumbermen and menaced with destruction.

The magnificent, almost unbroken forest of immense sugar and yellow pines extending along the Big Oak Flat highway from the vicinity of the Tuolumne Sequoia Grove to Carl Inn will be remembered by all who have entered or left the Yosemite Park by the way of Stockton or the Tioga Pass, as well as by those who have made the trip to the Hetch-Hetchy dam.

No doubt most of them have rejoiced in the belief that such a splendid scenic region was in the National Park and supposedly safe from destruction. This belief is mistaken; the region is not in the area recently acquired by the Government; it is not in the present restricted park limits, though it was within the original boundaries of the park. From the peculiar way in which the roads cross and recross the present boundary few tourists have realized this situation, or understand what irreparable destruction will soon be the result of it. They have not been made aware that this forest is in mostly private ownership, and that the logging operations of a big lumber company have been eating their way deeper and deeper into it, destroying the beautiful forest that surrounded the Merced Sequoia Grove and leaving it standing in the midst of a scene of hopeless devastation, and have approached within a few hundred yards of the Tuolumne Sequoia Grove, and the Big Oak Flat highway.

Sometime in the near future, when the tourists again traverse the scenic highway that they remember as one of the most splendid features of the Yosemite Park (as they supposed), they will find there the devastation that follows in the wake of the lumberman.

If steps are not promptly taken to raise the money and buy out the holdings of the lumbermen, or exchange them for timber away from the park, these trees will be gone forever as far as any human considerations are concerned, for many generations of men must be born, live and die before nature can restore such a forest. Trees 400 or 500 years old take four or five centuries to grow, and not a day less. This urgency, together with the splendid, unique and unreplaceable character of the timber, make this one of the most important conservation problems of the many that our negligence and indifference in past years have saddled upon us.

The Sugar Pine, One of North America's Largest and Most Beautiful Trees, Fast Being Wiped Out

Next to the Sequoias themselves the sugar pine is one of the largest and most impressively beautiful and most remarkable trees of the western forests, but unfortunately for its survival, its lumber is of great value, being but little inferior to that of the now almost unobtainable white pine of the eastern states. It is of very limited distribution, growing only in a narrow belt at certain altitudes in the mountains of California, small parts of Lower California, Oregon, and nowhere else in the world. The great value of its timber is causing its almost complete destruction throughout much of its range, restricted as this was to start with. The immense, massive and often beautifully straight trunks, its great height (often 220 feet or more), the contrast in color of the rough gray-brown bark and the slender green needles, and the immense cones, over a foot long, pendent from the tips of the gracefully drooping branches, make a forest of it a sight that the tourist does not soon forget.

Limited Distribution of the Sugar Pine In the Yosemite Region

In the Yosemite region the sugar pine forest which, with the exception of the few acres covered by the three sequoia groves, is the finest forest, is chiefly confined to the altitudes between 4,500 and 6,500 feet and in consequence of the upward slope toward the east which prevails in that region, to a belt that lay in the western part of the original area of the Yosemite National Park as it was established by Congress in 1890, but which was largely excluded when the park was trimmed down to about two-thirds its original size in 1905 and 1906. Most of the best sugar pine that was left in the park was covered by private timber claims made previous to the establishment of the park, so that there was no legal obstacle to its owners cutting it unless they were bought out by the government. Even in this main timber belt the good timber, including the sugar pine stands, occupied only certain areas where the soil, direction of exposure and other conditions were favorable. In the Yosemite region it grew chiefly in two main tracts, one a few miles south of the western end of the Yosemite Valley, and located mostly in the vicinity of the Wawona highway within the limits of the national park even in its present restricted extent. The destruction of this tract was completed by the end of the year 1922, and rails of the many miles

of logging railroads built in that part of the park were taken up for use elsewhere. This tract will not be further discussed here.

The other main tract, much more extensive than the southern one, in fact finer and more extensive than any other stand of sugar pine anywhere, is situated (what there is left of it) on the ridge between the watersheds of the Merced and Tuolumne rivers and in the valley of the South Fork of the latter stream, an outlying part of it extending up into the valley of the Middle Fork of the Tuolumne and its branch, Cottonwood Creek, in the region south of the Hetch-Hetchy reservoir.

Untouched Until 1923

Until so recent a date as 1923 this magnificent area remained practically untouched by axe or saw, and had the effort to save it been made before that time, the whole area could have been preserved in its original extent and beauty for the present cost of preserving a pitifully small fraction of it, and the Merced Sequoia Grove could have been protected in its natural setting of magnificent primèval forest.

Finally, in 1927, when the logging operations had destroyed the finest sugar pines in the park, ruined the surroundings of the Merced Sequoia Grove, and eaten their way to within a quarter of a mile of the famous Tuolumne Sequoia Grove on the southwest and were menacing the forest along the Big Oak Flat road, public opinion became aroused and the sum of about $1,600,000 was voted by Congress (1928) for acquiring private holdings conditional upon the raising of an equal sum by private donation, a condition that was thought likely to render the appropriation futile. But the money was generously given by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. With the funds thus available the important region directly north and northeast of the Tuolumne Grove and a strip of land running north from that area for several miles were acquired and restored to the park again, and the outlying extensions of the tract along the Middle Fork of the Tuolumne River and its branch, Cottonwood Creek and other private timber holdings inside the park boundaries, were acquired.

While we deeply appreciate Mr. Rockefeller's great generosity and rejoice that these tracts have been rescued from the lumbermen we must also face the unfortunate fact that the problem has only been partly solved.

The area acquired is still inadequate. The destruction of the main part of the sugar pine stand has not been prevented, and the timber in the vicinity of the Tuolumne Sequoia Grove and the Big Oak Flat road is still menaced.

No Large Appropriation Needed to Acquire These Forests

The National Forests, owned by the public and placed in charge of the Forest Service (not owned by that bureau, which was established and is maintained to administer them for the benefit of the nation) total over 160,090,817 acres. Their timber is being sold to lumber companies, pulp manufacturers and others. Why not employ a little of it in making an exchange with the lumber company, offering enough national forest timber away from the park to make the exchange worth while to the company?

What Is the Most Important Area to Acquire and Restore to the Park?

The whole of the stands of sugar pine that were in the original Yosemite National Park (what is left of them) should be brought in and permanently preserved. A nation as wealthy as ours has no excuse for letting their destruction go on, and will deeply regret it before many years. Not only that, but all the lands that were trimmed out of the park should be restored to it, in so far as they have not been hopelessly ruined for park purposes.

The discussion of what ought to be done for the Yosemite Park is however futile. Not one of our National Parks was neglected and mutilated in the past as the Yosemite, the most beautiful and wonderful of them all. Much of the damage can never be atoned for. The immediately urgent question is to save the forest in the vicinity of the Big Oak Flat road and the Tuolumne Sequoia Grove. To do this the following sections and parts of sections will need to be acquired and restored to the Yosemite Park before they are ruined.

Township 1 South, Range 19 East, sections 25, 26, 34, 35, 36.

Township 2 South, Range 19 East, sections 1, 2, 3, 4, north halves of 9, 10, 11, 12, and a small part of the south half of 12.

Township 1 South, Range 20 East, the part of section 30 not already in the park, and section 31.

Township 2 South, Range 20 East, west half of section 6.

Altogether a total of about 9,600 acres, but according to a map received from the Interior Department about one-eighth of this is already publicly owned and can be turned over to the park without cost.

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All this area was originally in the park and should never have been eliminated. There are several other sections farther west that contain fine timber that well merits being restored to the park, but the above described area is the most essential one to save.

Is it an impossibility for this great nation to acquire this small tract, only about four by three and one-half miles in extent, to save one of the finest features of its most beautiful national park? For want of it shall we let the vicinity of the Tuolumne Sequoia Grove be devastated and the splendid forest along the four or five miles of highway between the Tuolumne Grove and Carl Inn be destroyed?

The Yosemite Park Is Your Park

The National Parks are the property of the citizens of this country. They belong to you as much as anyone else. Any injury to them is an invasion of your rights. If you visit one of them you have a right to expect to find it cared for, its boundaries respected and its natural scenic beauty unharmed.

How Can You Help?

If you are a member of some organization interested in conservation of nature, in automobile touring, or outdoor life, get it to take up the fight and protest to the Secretaries of the Interior and Agriculture, also to its Senators and Congressmen, against the devastation of the region. Personal letters and appeals to those officials will also help. With their multitudes of important duties, they cannot be expected to appreciate the urgency of such a matter unless their attention is not only called to it, but **kept on it.** Letters to newspapers on the subject, and especially editorial notices if they can be secured, will be an important means of arousing interest.

There is no time to be lost. All letters and notices should ask that an exchange of government (National Forest) timber elsewhere for the sugar pines of the Yosemite region shall be made. In the present financial depression and reduced income of the government that seems the most practicable method. It is moreover the right method, notwithstanding all the objections that may be raised to it on the part of individuals or political or commercial interests openly or secretly hostile to the park.

Emergency Conservation Committee,
113 East 72nd St., New York City.

FIND RARE CACTUS ON MEXICAN TRIP

An expedition from the Universities of California and Arizona has returned from a trip into the interior of Mexico with specimens of the rare Sahuesa, a giant spineless cactus. The Sahuesa is a curiosity of the botanical world, a plant on the borderland between desert and vegetative land plants. The scientists also found traces of the Boogum cactus or Lophlocereu Schotii, a queer-looking plant that varies from a few inches to more than 20 feet in height. Dr. W. L. Crowinshield, of the University of California, and Prof. A. A. Nichol, of the University of Arizona, headed the expedition which was guided by Grove Sykes of the Carnegie Institution of Washington at Tucson.—San Diego Tribune.

THE FLOWERING CRABAPPLES

When Linnaeus named one variety of Crabapple "Coronaria" he chose a word that describes the whole group of flowering crabs because it means "fit for crowns and garlands."

Those who know the flowering crab say that it should be called the "Sweet-Scented Crab" for when the twigs silver over with young foliage and the coral buds open into a great burst of rose-colored bloom, they fill the air with perfume. Not mere sweetness but an exquisite spice, stimulating fragrance that belongs only to the flower of the crabapple.

RAINFORD FLOWER SHOP

Cut Flowers
Flower Designs

1115 Fourth Avenue *San Diego*

To intensify the glory of the crabapple bloom, many hybrids have been introduced. They include the glorious Arnold Crab, with its large rose-colored blossoms that whiten as they open until the tree is a snowy mountain-top at sunset.

The Sargents Crab comes from Japan and carries the snow white of Fujiyama with it. The red fruit that follows the bloom is an added beauty as they hang on for many months.

Two varieties that answer the need for more erect growing trees and which are without compare in bloom are the "Tea Crab" and "Bechtel's Double Flowering Crab." The rosy red mass of bloom on the former and the fragrant delicate pink of the latter make them garden bouquets for a long period in the spring.

The Crabapples are hardy, they need little care, and they bring results. As the old Scotch gardener says, "Let them gang their ain gait and in twa or three years ye'll nae hae to worry aboot lots o' bonnie wee spring flowers."—Los Angeles Times.

THE NAMES OF ROSES

By J. Horace McFarland
President American Rose Society
Editor American Rose Annual

Many times in these Flower Grower rose papers I have expressed myself, sometimes ill-humoredly I fear, about the curious names given to Roses. It seems worth while now to somewhat emphasize those statements, because the people who read these words, who love, buy and grow Roses, who talk about them, worry with them, and enjoy them, can have a considerable influence on future rose names.

When a new baby comes in the family it is the undoubted right of the fond parents to name the baby what they like, if it is looked at from one standpoint. If, however, the helpless little mite of rosy humanity is taken into account, the parents have no right to stick on their offspring a name which will afterwards be troublesome, bothersome, inconvenient, or unfair. That nasty Texas governor who only added to carry himself along a "g" to the name of the animal he is said to have resembled, treated his daughters as if they were living puns, calling one Ima and the other Ura. Think of the contemptible quality of such a doing!

I had an old friend whom I revered. He was a Methodist "presiding elder" in the days before they called these gentlemen "district superintendents." He had served many country churches on a circuit. He told me that one time he was officiating at a christening, and when leaning over to the father he uttered the prescribed inquiry "Name this child," and the man answered, "Tribes of Judah," he reiterated the inquiry, thinking the father had made a mistake. The same answer came, whereupon my sensible clerical friend refused to go on with the ceremony. He wasn't going to stick an innocent girl baby with such a name as "Tribes of Judah," and he didn't. The explanation was that the family was a rather prolific one, and also quite religious. Their progeny had exceeded all of the tribes, and this one was to extend the series.

But how much better than this is such action as tacks on to an innocent Rose, hopefully and probably a beautiful and desirable Rose, the name of some fair lady hard to say and sure not to be properly held to the Rose? I got into trouble several years ago by criticizing the name of an extremely good yellow Rose, Mrs. Erskine Pembroke Thom. Mr. Thom seemed to think that I was slamming his good wife, who with himself form an important part of the fine rose fraternity of a California city. I suppose if he had been convenient to Harrisburg he would even have attempted personal chastisement because of my criticism of a name not of a lady, which has held back a magnificent Rose from its proper place in the rose galaxy.

Just now there is swinging into the rose firmament a hopefully hardy yellow Climber which a few days before I write these words was reported to have bloomed a little in the Fall. It was formally christened "The Golden Climber Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James." Does anyone think that this seven-name cognomen will stick to that Rose if the Rose makes good? It was a very pleasant compliment to a fine gardening lady, but it was hard on the Rose, and no one doubts in the least that the name will be immediately just 'Golden Climber."

Abroad the spirit is, I am sorry to say, sometimes to sell the name of a Rose. The Rose is not considered, nor is the defenseless public, it is hoped may buy that Rose, and so, particularly in Holland, they hang on to the new seedling such a fearful mess as Mevrouw G. de van Zwynsbergen! A little easier is Mevrouw Smits Gompertz, and a trifle more readily uttered would be Mevrouw A. del Court van Krimpen.

Yet if these Roses are really good they are almost sure to be buried in the name which will wrap its verbiage around their beautiful blossoms. Even when the Rose is intended to compliment a majesty, as in the case of Konigin Viktoria von Schweden; or to honor a dignitary like Lady Sydney Eardley-Wilmot; the Rose inevitably pays the bill;—it just doesn't get along because it is weighted down by the name.

Patronize the Garden Advertisers.

Slowly, much too slowly, there is coming into knowledge a very splendid hardy light pink vigorous growing large Rose under the dreadful name of Mme. Gregoire Staechelin. There is yet no agreement as to how any of the three names except "Mme." is to be pronounced, but there is general agreement that when we talk about that Rose, we simplify it to "Stakelin," and there isn't anything pretty about that. If this Rose had had a pronounceable, pleasing, euphonious, easily-carried name, it would have begun to do its work much sooner, and would be getting on with it much better.

It is around thirty years since Crimson Rambler swept over the country. Does anyone believ that Rose would have gone everywhere if it had been called Oberburgermeister Heimerich, or Souvenir de l'Aviateur Olivier de Montalent?

Right now as a catalogue printer I am seeing two probably excellent Spanish Roses buried in an uneuphonious polysyllabic mass because again some high gentleman or fine lady is being temporarily complimented by the appellation.

No concealment has been made in these papers of my dislike of billboards, but I have not usually openly suggested a boycott of goods advertised in the beauty of the landscape. Nor do I know suggest that we refuse to buy Roses with awful names. I do propose that we kick about it to the rose merchants. That this will be effective I can prove by telling that a certain very bothersome French grower sends each year some seedlings for trial in America on the basis of purchase if satisfactory, and with name rights. One of these, an excellent Rose, was named for the man who liked it and was willing to buy eight hundred plants. He got the plants and the grower got the money, but the Rose died under the name.

The finest practice in names I know of is that used by the astute and able Australian hybridizer, Alister Clark, who makes rose names that sound as pleasant and euphonious as his own name. Not only are his Roses good, but his names are very good. Listen to these: Bush Fire, Daydream, Fancy Free, Flying Colours, Harbinger, Kitty Kininmonth, Lorraine Lee, Miss Marion Manifold, Queen of Hearts, Scorcher, Sunny South. All these come, according to Hamlet's instructions to the players, "trippingly on the tongue." But also they stay in the mind. The superb Scorcher, which this year makes its commercial bow in the United States, would not get very far if Mr. Clark had hung around its neck such a name as Souvenir de Gustave Schickele. Betty Uprichard is essentially not as good a Rose as Mrs. A. R. Barraclough, but its pretty name carries it farther. I am continually harping on the need in the South for the superb Macartney Rose hybrid called Mermaid; and nobody ever forgets that name when once the impression is made. Many who read these words may remember the first of the important Polyantha Roses, which resulted from crossing Crimson Rambler into that general group. It was sent out as Mme. Norbert Levavasseur, but it never moved until somebody called it Red Baby Rambler. It was not a rambler, not a baby, nor was it really red, but the name went, and so did the Rose.

It may be said that we are dealing unfairly with our foreign friends who in lasguages other than English, produce names which may to them seem euphonious, to which we should not object. I won't agree to that, because it is possible in French, German and Spanish to find euphonious and easy names which could be used. For example, here is Troja, coming from Czecho-Slovakia. Here are Prins Hamlet and Minna from Germany; Salmon Beauty from Belgium. Here are Syracuse, Sweet Rosella and Lallita, from France. Even England can yield, because Althea and Aroma, together with Conqueror and Coquette, to say nothing of Dazla and Grenadier, are pronounceable.

I hope I have made my point. I will close th's hopeful scold by asking my readers to reflect what would have happened to the most popular Rose in the world if it had not been named Radiance.—Flower Grower.

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